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# POETICAL

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Edited by Teonard Tloyd.

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# LLOYD'S MAGAZINE,

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

The Poets' Magazine.

Established 1876.

EDITED BY

LEONARD LLOYD.

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GEORARD LLOYD.



#### A PROSE POEM.

BY THE REV. J. STARKEY.

OTH brother and sister were distinguished by an exquisite delicacy of organisation. Nay, in the boy this subtle intelligence of the Beautiful crossed, at times, the magic line which divides feeling from expression and became genius. Invention's fiery finger had singled him from the crowd and touched him with the divine pain of creative art. It displayed itself in an extraordinary gift for music, his executive ability at the piano being simply marvellous for one so young. He was excellent in interpreting the works of great composers, kindling with their fire. But he was not less excellent when taking some great theme of a master, he would evolve it through the mazes of intricate harmonies and melodious lapses of sound into tones of grace and pleasure more beautiful than those of the original music. Music, indeed, was his natural, or rather his improvisatorial language, the vehicle of his imagination, the sensuous expression of his poet soul. Too often have I regretted the passing away of those melodic phrases and angelical cadences of mystic song, the soft delays and palpitations of sweet sounds before they suffered themselves to glide into the broad stream of harmony, and only served, alas, to enrich the ungrateful air! And all things beautiful were his inspirations, The rise and setting of the sun, the peeping of the first stars, the low moon hanging on the crest of a distant hill, the clang of bells sweeping up the valley, the cry of birds, the dash of the tide on the crags, all that was lovely, mysterious, or significant in nature, struck on the keys of his artistic sensitiveness and passed into music. From the shrill treble of the bat flitting past in the twilight, to the bass organ pipe of the ocean muttering in his dreams of winter's storms, he heard the sounding of an universal diapason, and accentuated each note. To this fine nature the whole

world melted into song. It was the score of God, the oratorio of Love, the symphony whose first rehearsal made the sons of God to sing and the stars of morning shout for joy. I think he saw music where we see but light and from and colour. For him living and growing canticles arose from rock and forest, valley and soaring hill. The Seasons' march was harmonious and majestical; the months passed by as to the sound of flutes and soft recorders; even the clouds possessed a rhythmic order of their own and, when this dissolved, the falling rains chimed as they fell.

Such was Frederic Elmsley, nor was his sister Constance much behind him in natural gifts of a kindred order. Albeit she was quiet and reserved, the coldness of her manner simply concealed She drew well a fire all the more intense from its suppression. from nature, and her love of the beautiful in loch, mountain and moor, was impassioned in its eagerness, Few days, even the stormiest, kept her in-doors. Her health, like the stability of the oak was strengthened by the strain it underwent. I have seen her return from these excursions, her hair wet with the beating rains, her dress swathed round her slender form, like its green sheath round the lily, and a colour lighted in her sallow cheek that too seldom burned there. At such times I have said to myself: Nature is trying to make this girl beautiful; the stubborn material grows plastic to the informing soul.

I was often her companion on these wild pilgrimages, finding a voice for her mute delight and developing the philosophy of the poetic thought latent in her emotions of gratitude and admiration. Often, however, it fell to my lot to listen in silence to her more subtly appreciative remarks. She caught a glimpse of a finer light touching the distant hill or glimmering amidst the embroidered shadows of clear waters sleeping under trees. She read in Nature's book with a keener eye and interpreted a diviner mystery. The undertones of the great harmony visited her ear more frequently. I fancied that the breeze swept more lovingly by her and the sunbeam rested with more spiritual gleam on her pale brow. Soul answered to soul. The spirit of the universal Mother thrilled and sounded in her heart as the wind blows against the strings of the harp and murmurs into music.

To me there was no danger in this intercourse. It was a

character I was studying, a new leaf in the book of my human experience that I lingered over and was loath to turn. My delight in her society was pure and unimpassioned, sculpture not painting. I watched her as a gardener watches the disclosure of some new flower, ignorant of what form the petals may assume, what the hidden tints, what the secret odour. She was dear to that æsthetic sense which then made my life a mere search after the joys of culture. I felt a vibration from her presence trembling upon the inner chords of the artistic mind wherein emotion is changed into sentiment and love is but the pale reflex of the brow of Beauty. But I never wished to enfold her in the sensuousness of the divine passion itself. Still over my path the shadow of an unforgotten past of love, tenderness, and beauty seemed unconsciously to rest and suffered no ray of fervour to dispel its cold and chaste reserve. Once or twice, indeed, I felt my pulse quicken and the blood in my veins rush with old tumultuous sweetness and agony on my surprised heart. But, ere long, a voice from the heights of my remembrance called across the troubled flood, and its waves sank down again into moonlit peace and tenderness.

But what of her feelings? Shall I be vain enough to think that Constance Elmsley loved me? Who shall penetrate into the secrets of a maiden's heart? For an instant the light gleams on the mystic scroll and the prophetic eye may read the warning that Love the conqueror is at her gates. But the veil quickly falls again, and ill betide the sacrilegious hand that would readily tear away the jealous reticence!

I was much in the society of the girl. Her manner was ever frank, fearless, confident, as that of her brother. The lives of both were simple and had been uneventful. Circumstances had not bewildered or thwarted the natural development of their characters. They had nothing to conceal, nothing to confess. They gave their hands and hearts to me without delay or distrust, and fearing no treason, never thought of precautions.

This unembarrassed manner of Constance, then, might have been the legitimate outcome of a deep affection. She was country born and country bred. The sophistications of town life, the careful analysis of the feelings which a town girl is too apt to make, were to her unknown and would have been abhorrent. To be happy and natural in her love was a matter of course. If I

siezed on her maiden fancy she neither shrunk from nor dreaded my capture. The flower blooms, the seed grows into the harvest the stars come night after night, and love, to a soul like hers, is in the order of the universe, and its music steals into and becomes, a part of the great symphony without disturbance or surprise.

It was now autumn, a season of the year when every finer nerve within me trembles most sensitively beneath the touch of nature. Then does the spirit of the year whisper its holiest sweetest communications on my purged attentive ears. The cloudy arks of the sky carry the Shekinah of a more evident Deity; the emblazoned robe of Time gleams in richer charactery of prophetic truth. In the morning a misty veil hangs over the landscape which, being lifted, reveals a beauty, soft, placid, and bountiful, filled with a serenity like that of some deeply luminous calmly-shining planet set in the shadows of a June twilight.

The splendour of autumn is matronly and subdued, but a holier light is on her brow, the burning of a sacred fire which was lost in the coruscating glare of summer. Hail then, to thee, September, my birth-month and my joy! In the cool current of thy days the hot year quenches first his burning torch. first of all, its fervid pulse, throbbing so full and fiercely in the dog-days, begins to beat with calm and equable rhythm. Then on still afternoons the northern landscape, along its valley curves or on its shining uplands, is dotted here and there with little altars of sacrificial corn. No wind stirs in the warm air, but high in heaven the great white clouds look solemnly at the setting sun, until they burn, in all their frets and folds of fleecy texture, like molten copper ore, and, dying slowly down to their last ember, colour with smouldering fire the ebon cheek of night. O sweet and sacred month of my soul, September! Season of mellow fruitfulness, of misty mornings followed by the mild splendours of clear days and evenings of imperial sunsets succeeded by blue-golden nights! Nights when moon and planets wheel nearer to the earth and shine across the meadow lawns or draw their stealthy rays across the ripples of tree-shaded brooks and somehow seem to bring the mystery of the heart's saddest sweetest. longing before the eyes. With what poean shall I sing thy praise who camest by the cradle of my first thoughts and didst touch my infant eyes with the power of a glory and a charm that are upon them still!

During these September days the Elmsleys and I ran through a pure idyll of country joy. There were excursions on sea and land. There were restings at noon under the purple shadows of the hills, and wanderings by moonlight on the shores of mysticlighted lakes. Not unfrequently I rowed the two across the weird waters or rested on my oars to listen to the sweet falls and descants in the tones of their voices, and, when the sounds ceased heard in the silent air the lapping of the waters against the sides of the boat or the far off noise of streams amid the sleeping hills. Then a still deeper passion for nature sank into my heart and stained through every leaf of its wondrous book. A joy incommunicable, a transport of mystic sympathy, the knitting of surely eternal ties, seemed to relate and bind me to the soul of My whole being throbbed like a pulse of her life and loveliness. her great artery of joy. The fragrant turf which I pressed shot kindred and electric forces into my frame. The mountains overarched me with the presence of a great love. I mingled my prayers with the orisons of the dawn when the white-veiled Mornings knelt on the mountain heights and the sun was turning their purple breath to gold. The broad lustres of Noon floated around me in the glory of great thoughts of Heaven and of God. I said my vespers with the fading pageants of Eve and felt my soul die as it were with the sunset to live again in the light of moon and stars. A flame of meaning, mysterious and holy, stole into the Earth's apocalyptic face. The Sphynx seemed on the I marked the ongoings of a life eternal, the point of utterance. flashings forth and returns of an everlasting glory of Being and Truth.

One afternoon a few old comrades of mine came from Saint Hilda and made a picnic with the Elmsleys and some young girls from a neighbouring parsonage. We went out on the crest of the lofty coast line, defended by an old sea wall, on the other side of which the mighty bastion of the land fell with soft, though in places steep, descent to the beach. A salt western breeze blew mildly from the sea. The far off waters glittered with uneasy light. The hollow plunges of the tide dashing on the dark incrusted rocks fell dully on the ear. We sat on shelving terraces of smooth turf and sang old songs and rounds and laughed at innocent jests, and watched the sailing sea-gulls far away as they wheeled up from the sea, the next moment

darting down again with flash of sudden wing. And then the passion for the dance seized on us. One of our number hastily got out his violin and climbing to the top of the stone wall played while the rest exhausted the turbulence of their joy in waltz and quadrille. The soft white forms of the maidens swayed like bending reeds. They shone amid our darker garbs like stars in the rifts of gloomy clouds. They were a flock of sea-birds, snowy plumed and white as the creamy spray of gentle tides, or, rather, a company of newly landed Nereids. Triton was in the offing and blew his wreathed horn.

We wound up by a tumultuous galop. Faster and faster flew our feet, more intricate and sight-outspeeding the pulsations of our rapid steps. At last our musician threw down an exhausted bow and called on us to stop. Then we sat down again and cooled our brows against the soft waftures of the sea-winds.

Constance was by my side. The excitement had given it richest colours to her cheek, and all her soul burned in her blood. For once the dulness of her corporeal form was played over by the gleams of a victorious and spiritual grace, and beauty, with all her enchanting lights, shone in her face as in a mirror.

"How transporting is all this!" she cried; "why cannot it last? Why should our joys be the mixture of accidents,—a chance visit, an improvised stroll, a mild sun, a bright cloud? You men call yourselves the lords of creation, yet your best pleasures are but the whims or the licenses of the moment. You are happiest when you least design to be, and your holiday is that of a slave, not that of a master."

A lively conversation followed, which, after lingering at poetry and deepening into metaphysics, was broken off short by the protest of a light-hearted girl, who cried out that we were all too learned for her, and insisted on running down to the beach, from which the tide was now fast retreating.

Constance and I were left alone. Our late excitement had sobered, if not saddened us. We sat down on a knoll of grass, and as we looked towards the west our spirits sank insensibly into repose, and in the quiet heaven of our hearts rose the still holy moon of Reverie and breathed her enchanted peace. It was the vesper hour of Nature's softest and most delicate charm. Just before the falling sun a dark cloud, hanging solitarily in the blaze of his parting fires, absorbing his beams only to spread

them out again in masses of far dispersing splendour. Far down below the sea heaved and glittered in restless brilliancy. The bare blue heavens overhead sank into remotest depths of space. But on the horizon a purple vapour already began to gather, and into this, as into a Medea-cauldron, the scattered limbs of the day fell one by one to reunite again we knew in the glories of a fair morrow.

"It is the hour," said I softly, "it is the hour of the shutting of flowers and the opening of hearts. Nature seems herself to teach men to say their prayers at night, and, by disclosing, half to expiate the sins and follies of the day. It is a grief to me to take the burden of my waking hours into my chamber of sleep. Rather would I ever lay it down on the threshold and cross the vestibule with light step and unreverting eye. There should the beautiful shapes of the heart's religion alone attend me: Silence and Reverence and meek-eyed Contrition and humble Faith and hallowed Hope, and Love that adores and longs and is at peace. So should my sleep be pure and sweet, and my waking come at the close of the music of healthy dreams!"

As I spake Constance looked up and, turning on me the light of her glorious eyes

The rest is the old story.

### A MEBRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU.

By LEONARD LLOYD.

IME of the dawning of days of delights,
Christmas, the merriest time of the year!
Shut out the sadness of sorrowful nights,
Ring in the gladness of Christmastide rites,
And bear the old year to his bier.

Loves we have lost in the days that are dead,
What are ye now 'mong the dear loves new-born?
Though on the graves of our seared hopes we tread
Sorrow enough on our heart-strings hath fed—
Grief dies of old age Christmas morn.

Bring the dainty bride forth!—our life, our pride,
The azure-eyed joy we shall wed to-day—
She is decked in white as befits a bride,
Love-lights in her eyes 'neath long lashes hide,
And her heart is our own for aye.

Her heart is our own!—Aye, the days may die,
And Pain swift follow in Pleasure's track,
But an inward calm shall all storms defy,
The joy of the heart which no wealth can buy
No man on God's earth need lack.

#### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

By S. E. DISTIN.

HE old year is dying,
Its moments are sped,
It soon will be lying
With years that are dead.

We stand on the lone brink
Of time's rapid wave,
Whose sands count a new link
Encircling the grave.

We mourn for past pleasures
That come not again,
In mirth's joyous measures,
To banish our pain.

We mourn for the good seeds

That might have been sown,

The noble and brave deeds

The year might have known.

We mourn for the flowers

Plucked in their young bloom,
While sad tears in showers

Rain over their tomb.

For golden days wasted
In murmur and fret,
While silent Time hasted
To still all regret.

For Heaven's best blessings
Unthankfully held,
For fortune's carressings
Too lightly beheld.

The book that is written
Untouched must remain,
By fate's fell hand smitten
While moons wax and wane.

But tho' in dread silence

The old year goes down,

A fair form shall fly hence

That smiles at his frown.

Oh! New Year, thou'rt ours
The past to erase,
And like op'ning flowers
Will burst the bright days.

No sad dirge shall greet thee,
But clash of joybells
That ring out to meet thee
In music that swells,

On wings of the night wind

Far over the earth,

Whose dawn shall its light find

New Year in thy birth.



#### DOWN THE RIVER.

#### By A. C. L. CORNWALL.

OWN the river we slowly float,

Lights on the shore are beginning to glimmer,

Just we three in a tiny boat,

Through the moonlight's tremulous shimmer:

Just we three; my brother and I,

And our beautiful cousin Mirabel:

Her face is raised to the shining sky,

I in the shadow can mark it well;

And ever I hear a sullen moan,

'Tis the tramp of the sea over sand and stone.

The flushes come and go on her cheek,

Her eyes are full of tender brightness;

Oh, sweet Mirabel! were I to speak

It would rob your bosom of half its lightness,

For I love you, cousin! with passionate pain,

With the fiery strength of a strong man's love:

But the rugged sailor would plead in vain,

As well might the sea-gull woo the dove!

Far off, like a deep, pathetic dirge,

Rolls the solemn monotone of the surge.

Ah, had I come but a year ago!

I had dared to speak what I now must smother,
Ere you had been pledged in your maiden glow
To that fair-faced boy so like our mother,—
So like! so winning, and joyous, and pure,
So fitting a mate for a gentle girl;
And for me, what remains? I will strive to endure
In silence, for his sake, and yours, my pearl!
While the sea, in its hollow undertone,
Unceasingly mutters, "Alone! alone!"

Cool waves below and cool air above,
Scarce breeze enough to ripple the water,
Mirabel murmurs a song I love,
A quaint old song our mother taught her;
The boat glides on with hardly a sound,
A touch on the tiller will keep her straight;
Yet, through the pure calmness of all around,
My heart is burning with almost hate:
And the dull, cold, pitiless war of the sea
Seems mocking my secret agony.

Ah, Randal, could you but guess my pain!

Did you dream of the fiend of jealous madness

That strives to make me a second Cain,

At least you would try to hide your gladness,—

And Mirabel—when you meet his eyes

How your white lids drop, and your cheek grows warm!

Alas, in my heart such passions rise

My soul is well nigh drowned in their storm:—

I fain would be where the crashing waves

Are leaping in triumph o'er hidden graves.

For like this river, whose silvery flow

Conceals foul things 'neath its glittering languor;

Light word, and smiling life below

Lie passionate love, and jealous anger:

Yonder my ship at anchor rides,

I will go hence with the dawn of day;

Fitter for me the rough dark tides,

Than this gliding stream in the moonlight ray,—

I come, I come to thy call, O sea!

Hast thou peace in thy fathomless caves for me?



#### MILTON'S BLINDNESS.

By J. JACKSON.

H, Milton! who may sympathise with thee?

None but a poet when bereft of sight;

What high grand thought, what glorious imagery

Was lost beneath a canopy of night,

Moments of inspiration doubtless fled,

Burning themselves within thy breast away,

No light to shew the pearls thy genius shed;

And memory lost them in a brief delay.

A fairer Paradise thy pen had traced

Had independent light its halo given,

A fairer Eve that Paradise had graced

And nobler angels from the sphere of heaven.

But ah! celestial light might only fall

When darkness fixed upon thine eyes its seal;
The earth-lens closed that fuller to thy soul

The heavenly radiance might its power reveal.

Like some fine panorama better shewn

Mid lessen'd light, the curtain rising high

Exhibiting the splendour of the dawn—

The gorgeous tinting of an Eastern sky.

God knows the best; if not a bird can find

The ground without his notice, how much more

Shall He be eyesight to the poor and blind,

Shewing the Paradise He keeps in store.



#### THE LEGEND OF CONRAD'S GLEN.

#### By MARIE ASTON.

"So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gathered up;
The truth that flies the flowing can
Will haunt the vacant cup:
And others' follies teach us not
Nor much their wisdom teaches,
And most of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches."

Tennyson.

MONGST the uplands in the county of Heathshire lies a wild secluded spot which goes by the name of "Conrad's The river Rhyn, which rises in the hills above, flows through the thickly-wooded glen, where it forms a natural waterfall, and then continues its quiet way through the valley beneath. In the course of the last century, an individual of high rank elected to retire from the world, its pomps and vanities, and lead the life of an anchorite. If all reports were true, the earlier life of Conrad de Bohun had been the reverse of saintly. Rumour assigned to him the credit of being the most daring rider, gambler, libertine, and best marksman of his time. Yet there must have been something strangely fascinating about him to cause Muriel Dynevor to cling to him as she did until the bitter end. To do him justice he returned her attachment, in a manner peculiar to himself. It was the one pure love of his life, and in his wildest excesses amongst his boon companions, with the attendant Phrynes and Maenads, he took care to keep even her association sacred. Therèse Leroux (nèe Jane Parker) never forgot the frown with which he once received her light badinage concerning the Lady Muriel. "Do not dare to speak her name to me again," he said savagely. "She is as far above you, and such as you, as yon blue sky above this grovelling earth." And Mademoiselle Therèse never did dare. He was, of course, the hero of several duels for he lived in an age when swords leaped from their scabbards to avenge the slightest and often unpremeditated wrong. He, however, seemed to bear a charmed life, and most men took care to avoid De Bohun's unerring aim. It happened that a large party of nobles and gentlemen assembled on a hawking expedition at Willesley Towers, the seat of Muriel's father, the Earl of

Myrleston, and one evening, after the ladies had retired, and the noble host had excused himself on the plea of indisposition, a quarrel arose between De Bohun and a French marquis, relative to some point of etiquette in card-playing. "I know not how you manage these things in your country," remarked the Frenchman. "but in mine,—we fight." And he glanced round on the assembled conpany, several of whom had taken part in the quarrel, as though, Goliath-like, seeking an opponent amongst their ranks. The hot blood rushed to De Bohun's brow. "Appoint your time, place, and second, Monseigneur," was all he said. "I sall have ye plaisir," said a countryman of the Marquis, coming forward in obedience to a sign from the latter, and rubbing his hands in anticipation of the approaching combat. "What madness, De Bohun!" whispered young Lord Maberley. catching at Conrad's sleeve. "Remember your position; think of Lady Muriel!" He might as well have spoken to the winds. "There is no alternative," answered Conrad, "I must fight. We cannot let this bragging Frenchman go away with the idea that Englishmen are cowards. Will you act as my second, Maberley? Arrange it as you like; pistols or swords. As to Muriel," and here his mouth quivered slightly, and he had to pass his hand across it to hide the spasm, "as to Muriel, if I fall, she may, who knows, be spared much, future misery." Seeing that no amount of argument would avail here, Maberley desisted, and went in search of the blood-thirsty second of the Marquis, to whom, in accordance with De Bohun's desire, he gave the choice of weapons. "It sall be zen wiz ze pistoles," said M. Lablache, "mon ami is good at ye pistoles," and he grinned horribly, as if he expected the speedy dissolution of mon ami's adversary. Presently Lord Maberley's brother, a youth of eighteen, came up to him. "Raoul," he whispered, "cannot you arrange for them to fire at each other in the dark? It seems to me that the Frenchman will be satisfied if he just gets a shot at De Bohun, and you know, the chances are that they will both miss." "A good idea, Martyn," said Raoul approvingly, "if only we can persuade them to carry it out; well, we can but try." "De Bohun," he said, entering Conrad's room a few moments later, "what do you say to going down to the Holme wood at mid-night and fighting in the dark?" "In the dark?" echoed Conrad in amazement, "why that arrangement?" "Because," answered Maberley, "to say nothing of the novelty

of the thing, it seems to me that we owe it to Lord Myrleston and his family that there shall be as little blood-shed as possible, and if we stipulate that you have just one shot at each other in the dark, the chances are that you may both miss, and nevertheless, your honour will be vindicated, without entailing sorrow and confusion on this household," "If the others agree to it I am willing," answered De Bohun. The others did agree, and the meeting was arranged for twelve o'clock. It was now The shadows lengthened, midnight drew on apace, past eleven. and the Lady Muriel, partly hidden by a thick curtain, sat in her oriel window, for a restlessness was upon her, and she did not feel inclined to sleep. Soon she heard voices, which she recognized as belonging to Martyn Maberley and young Castleton, who were walking on the terrace beneath. "Is it really true, Martyn," said the latter, "that De Bohun and the Marquis are going to fight in the Holme wood at midnight?" "Hush-h" said Martyn warningly, mindful of possible listeners, but it was too late. Muriel had heard every word, and with difficulty repressed a scream. Rising hastily, she flung a dark cloak over her white gown, her fingers trembling so that she could hardly fasten the clasps, and passed out into the corridor. To whom should she go? By this time they would have started, for the wood was a mile's distance from the house. It would be merely loss of time to apprize her father of what was transpiring. He perhaps might not wish to hinder it. Then the thought flashed across her, could she induce the combatants to give up the duel? Running down some side stairs, she unlatched the postern door, and a minute later was flying in the direction of the Holme wood. Over the park fence she climed, startling the deer from their resting-place in the moss and fern; across the fields, stumbling ever and anon in the darkness, for the moon was obscured by clouds; till at last she reached the outskirts of the wood, and plunged at once into the tangled brambles and creepers, struggling to reach an open glade in the centre, which she intuitively felt would be the scene of the combat. And she was right. At that moment in that very glade stood four men, two of whom were placed sideways with cocked pistols, awaiting the signal to fire. "Listen," exclaimed Raoul Maberley, "I fancy I hear some one coming through the brushwood. Surely none of the others have followed us." "It ees von lapin,—what you call him—rabbit," observed

M. Lablache calmly. "Go on, Maberley, and let us end this farce," said De Bohun impatiently. "One-two-three!" said Raoul. Both pistols were discharged simultaneously, and immediately there arose a cry of mortal anguish that lingered for ever in the memories of those who heard it. "A light, Raoul, a light!" gasped De Bohun, for he thought he knew that voice. Hastily Raoul produced and lighted a lantern. Conrad snatched it from him and held it aloft. The scene was weird enough. shadows of the trees, and those of De Bohun and his companions lay strangely magnified across the greensward. None of them were hurt for all stood erect. Who then had uttered that piteous cry? A flicker of white on the ground some paces behind the Marquis attracted Conrad's attention, and he sprang towards it. "Help! Help!" he shrieked, "It is Muriel!" Alas it was Muriel, quite dead. She had come up just as they were firing and the ball intended for the Marquis had passed through her heart. In his first mad grief, De Bohun would have put an end to his own life, had not they prevented him. After the funeral of his unfortunate betrothed, whom his own hand had slain, he vanished altogether. The popular supposition was that he had taken to a pirate's life, and was running a black-flagged ship up and down the Mediterranean, but in reality, after searching some time round the country, he fixed upon the lonely glen as his abiding-place, and building himself a little hut just above the waterfall, endeavoured by a life-time of self-mortification to atone for his previous short-comings. More and more mournful grew his face, more emaciated his form. At last, one evening, a peasant passing through the glen after his day's work, saw him standing in the doorway of his hut, and paused to gaze at him. Presently, Conrad, raised his hands towards the setting sun. come! Muriel, I come!" he cried loudly, and fell forward on the When the peasant ran to lift him up, he was threshold. They buried him at the head of the glen, which was ever after declared to be haunted by the spirits of Muriel and Conrad.



#### CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

#### BY JESSIE SALE LLOYD.

(Author of "The Hazelhurst Mystery.)

HE Christmas "waits" had sung, And carroll'd in the day; The Christmas snow had fall'n, And white and silent lay; The Christmas bells had told Their tale of sadden'd joy, The Christmas story old, Of Mary's holy boy. The Christmas berry red, And holly, evergreen; The lovely Christmas rose And mistletoe were seen; The Christmas garlands bright In home and church were hung; The merry Christmas bells All Christmas-day were rung, The Christmas gifts bestow'd By rich men on the poor; Their Christmas thanks receiv'd, And blessings evermore, The Christmas kiss being giv'n, By high, and lowly born; The Christmas praise had ris'n To God's eternal throne. Yet midst the Christmas prayer, Which rises to the sky: And midst the Christmas praise. Dear absent ones draw nigh In spirit, tho' apart, Their Christmas joy will blend! Each heart unite with hear, And friend commune with friend. Thus Christmas joy should fill Us with goodwill and peace,

For Christmas brings to all
A Saviour to release
Each suff'rer from his bond
Of care, and strife, and sin;
Receive the new-born Christ,
And he will enter in.
Each Christmas brings again
The Infant Babe, to save;
To triumph over sin,
O'er sorrow and the grave;
So let us strive each year
To keep our spirit pure;
As white as Christmas snow,
And chaste as saints of yore.

One Christmas, years gone by,
An erring child had stray'd
At Christmas he return'd,
And for forgiveness pray'd;
The Christmas stars shone out,
And glitter'd bright with joy;
Ah! then how Jesus smil'd
O'er that repentant boy!
How wild the joy bells peal'd
In Christmas welcome home;
And never more we know
The wand'ring child will roam.



#### CHRISTMAS.

(A Grumbler's version of it.)

#### By RENTON DENNING.

HRISTMAS! confound it; it comes but once a year,
And comes, I'm positive, just once too often.
Talk not to me about its royal good cheer,
No cheer can make my heart towards it soften.

Is it a pleasure to be paying bills?
Yes, doctors' bills for influenzas vicious—
Are Winter's chilblains and December's chills
Things to be proud of or to call auspicious?

Don't cant to me that all warm-hearted friends
At Christmas time feel more and more united—
They don't, I know, and Christmas time but tends
To make them ill or very much excited.

Surely plum pudding is an artful bane, Devised to make the human race dyspeptic, And who on earth can 'meliorate the pain It causes or produce an antiseptic.

What do I care about snapdragon's fun Or mistletoe or bright red berried holly! The whole affair is simply overdone, And seems a something quite reverse of jolly.

Can I be jolly when some rascal knocks
At my street door and braves me to confute him,
While calmly asking for a Christmas box?
Jolly! I feel inclined to prosecute him.

Can I be jolly when my coals are dear,
When winds blow keen enough to quite dissect me?
No! that I can't, and, what is very clear,
I won't allow such twaddle to infect me.

#### THE DUMB SPEAK.

#### By J. RAYNER.

URRAH! Hurrah! for the danger is o'er
The vandals have railed me round,
And my leafy head I shake as of yore
King of this desolate ground.
And I marvel what wisdom drew the plan
Which spared me such priceless sod,
And left me here 'mid the doings of man—
A voice for the works of God.

A London tree am I, not over strong,

Nor fed with the purest air,

For I nurse my own conviction of wrong
In some thirty feet of square.

And I wave my head with many a sigh

Though sometimes in sportive glee,
As the wayworn crowd goes hastening by
Flinging grateful smiles to me.

Ha! ha! I saw the builder pass just now,
How he envies me this mould!
And says that I span with each useless bough
The space for a mint of gold.
I watched him saunter with a muffled groan
Rattling my rails with his stick,
I am sure his heart must be Portland stone,
And his little world a brick.

'Tis often I peer with a silent awe
'Mid sunshine or hazy gloom
Through a dusty window on Grab's first floor
In a cupboard—called a room.
And I mark the men who handle the pen
And the care the pale face wears,
And though out in the cold and thus railed in
I prefer my pen to theirs.

When the summer wind like a fairy's breath Comes cooling my heated brow,
And the summer rain like a holy salve Comes healing each blistered bough.
Ay, then when the dusty and thirsty earth Sends its grateful incense up,
And all my leaves in their innocent mirth Quaff deep from the God-sent cup,

Yon window is ope'd and the soothing air Rushes on the poisoned place,
Ah then what I see as I linger here
What in manhood's prime I trace!
I know Mortality's grave muffled tramp,
I know by the shortened breath,
Yon glittering eye is Consumption's lamp
And that hollow cough means death.

Old Grab, I have heard, (from my friend Side-wind Who brings me a heap of news)
Is a Lawyer great with a mighty mind
And he knows right well its use.
Full oft has he fought for a shady case
Nor cared he who won or lost,
His only idols men ever could trace
Were ponderous Bills of Cost.

I thought at first he so cherished the Law
That he had no other care,
That he voted every green thing a bore
And spurned the pure fresh air.
But I hear that away from deeds and wills
In the valley's sequestered rest
Engirt around with a cordon of hills
Has this bird of prey a nest.

And oft within his wide and peaceful park
Will chuckle the legal limb,
Carbonic Gas is enough for the clerk
But pure oxygen for him.
And then he will boast that grist to his mill
Rolls in like a sweeping flood,
And the only machine he need employ
Is the cheapest flesh and blood.

Just to earn a meagre crust

And live from hand to mouth day after day
Soulless as the trodden dust.

Great heavens! how my sap begins to boil—
What other boon do they crave?

For hasn't each full liberty—to toil—
And freedom—to be a slave.

There's good and bad of all, and honest men
Who think of client and clerk
And shun to wrong the high and low alike
As the children shun the dark.
Yes, good and bad of all—but as for Grab
If I could but do it pat,
I would freely drop my heaviest bough
Right on the crown of his—hat.

Another window and another scene
Demand all my argus eyes,
A vision of feathers, bonnets, and hats,
All costumes of female guise.
And voices so sweet come wafted to me,
And smiles enchanting me so
That were I not such an old-fashioned tree
I would be a love-sick beau.

Night and morning by, 'neath a leaden sky
I see the poor creatures go,
I am sure they need be as hardy as I

Braving rain and sleet and snow.

And yet I have seen them in hats so trim

That wooed the light summer's breath,

But boots, ah me! the seedy ushers in Of colds, diseases and death.

1 have seen them at first with meekness bowed And toiling with modest grace,

Then I hear the laugh grow wantonly loud See a boldness stamp the face.

Ah! I know stern need hath a tyrant's power And virtue true can remain,

Still I think that home is a woman's throne And the fireside her domain.

Huddled in dozens or hived in a score O'er feathers or lace or flowers, For shillings so few of a Jewish store For so many golden hours.

That Wonder droops, and tender Pity weeps— The pious for tempted pray,

While Indignation burns o'er womans toil And its wretched starving pay.

I hear that Monopoly rules all trade, One with another must vie,

But they who trample hapless women down Not a whit the less loathe I.

I would give every twig my old trunk owns And welcome the lopping axe,

To fashion a rod for the scroundrels bones And to flay the vampires backs. There's a hundred sorrows each night and day
Go wearily passing by,
Aged poverty wends its rugged way
And the broken hearted sigh.
There's a hunchback cripple who sweeps the street
For whom my spirit grieves,

As I gently shed o'er his naked feet
A few of my choicest leaves.

When the blind pass by, or the solemn dead
Is borne to the silent sod,
With a reverent awe I bow my head
At dispensations of God.
But man created stings, the curse of greed,
Disturb and harrass me so,
Making every vein in my body bleed
O'er the whips that scourge the low,

That I sway and writhe in my helpless state,
And all day and night I moan,
That all I can do is silently wait,
Bitterly, bitterly groan.
When I'd limb myself to my utter fall,
And by love of right so strong,
Give twigs, leaves, trunk, ay root and branch and all,
To crush oppression and wrong.



#### ONLY MY LOVE AND I.

By Louisa F. Stone.

ER the breast of the silent river,
Where the evening breezes sigh;
Our light bark flew,
With its tiny crew,
Only my love and I.

O! love, shall we sail for ever—
"Yes," spoke in her love-lit eye—
Floating on with the stream,
In one golden dream?
Only my love and I.

And we sail Life's sea together,
Through its ebb and flow, so nigh;
Till our bark shall strand,
On the distant land,
Only my love and I.

#### LOST AT SEA.

By Alexander Johnston.

Away on that trackless sea:

He has gone to rest upon its breast,

But he'll never come back to me.

I know 'tis vain; but think where he sleeps—

His bed is a restless wave;

So I watch the flow, and come and go,

As I'd look on my darling's grave.

Then let me stay by the restless waves

And hear the sound of the sea,

And its hollow moan, and solemn tone

As it breaks on the rocky lee.

It seems a voice from the world afar
That calls me to him above;
And my heart's reply is borne on high
As I sit and weep for my love.

#### MY WIFE.

#### By F. E. T.

ESTLED among the chestnut-trees that skirt the common lands,

Hid in a bower of varied green my cottage homestead stands; And coming home at eventide I strain my eyes to see Whether my love is waiting at the lattice gate for me.

And not in vain—in flowing gown of simple snowy white, (Save where the sun has stained it with his dying crimson light) A white rose hiding shyly 'mid her clustering coils of hair, With face of glad expectancy—I see her waiting there.

Her cheeks are bright with youth's rich bloom, and bright with looks of love,

And bright her eyes of azure as the summer skies above, And bright her look of pleasure as my nearing form she sees, And sweet her kiss of welcome 'neath the shelter of the trees.

'Twas springtime when I woo'd and won my darling for my own And brought her to the cottage where before I dwelt alone; And she has turned the darkness that had gathered in my way, With words of loving magic, to the brilliancy of day.

And when the springtime vanishes, and summer-time is past,
And Autumn's late fruition, is over too at last,
In the winter of our earthly lives, when all beside is drear,
The love that then we plighted still shall have the power to
cheer.

#### LIFE'S LESSON.

#### By J. M. P.

CHILD in the flush of youthful mirth,
Snatching bright flowers from mother earth.
Winter comes—of flowers there's a dearth,
She must learn to live without.

A fairy queen—bud to blossom grown

Love and riches are all her own,

One swift blow robs her of half her throne;

She must learn to live without.

Go riches—she smiles—Home still is here,
Mother and Father! twin names both dear;
Poor child! like blood is the orphan's tear,
And bitter to live without.

A young wife watching with holy joy
The dimpling smiles of her new-born boy,
Asking mid woman's sweetest employ,
How could I have lived without?

An empty crib—a wound deep and wide—
A heart all her own wherein to hide.
"Husband!" she says "with thee by my side,
I may learn to live without."

A room close curtained—a widowed wife,
Her heart scarce breathing the breath of life;
A sudden wild shriek with anguish rife—
"I cannot live without."

A lifeless corpse—a spirit at rest,
But ere she flew to her Father's breast,
She learnt to yield her dearest and best,
She learnt to live without.

## VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

"Just a Season."

BY RITA.

Just the whirl of a waltz or two,
Just the dreaming o'er words unmeaning,
What can it be to me—or you?
Just the treasure of trancéd leisure,
Just a whisper, half sad, half sweet,
Just a love without stint or measure,
Silently laid at your dainty feet.

"Just a greeting in some chance meeting,
Just a glance, were it false or true,
And a quicken'd pulse and a heart's mad beating,
What can they be to me—or you?
Oh hapless passion! can wealth or fashion
Unchill thy touch, or unseal thy kiss?
Though I win you never—I love for ever,
Just with the hope of a season's bliss!

#### A CHRISTMAS SONG "SANS SOUCI."

BY ERNEST LEOPOLD TREVENEN HARRIS.

"Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'er burdened mind
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here."

Mackay.

HE bitter blast blows bleakly by,
The paly snow lies deep,
The lakes and ponds are frozen o'er,
The summer songsters sleep;

And while the Ladye-moon shines chill
We'll from the scene retire,
To sing, or laugh, or talk at will
Around a cheerful fire.

Then pile the logs, the old yule-logs, Up higher, higher, higher, Come gather round, on festive ground, Beside the Christmas fire.

Let merriment control the hour,
Let ev'ry voice be gay,
And let not green-eyed carking care
Becloud the Christmas-day;
But while red berries brightly beam,
And mistletoe hangs high,
Beware! O hearts! for Cupid's darts
Unwittingly fast fly.

Then pile the logs, the old yule-logs,
Up, higher, higher, higher,
And throng ye round on happy ground,
Beside the Christmas fire.

Hark! on the air there breaks a sound
Of merry voices singing,
While tunefully the brazen bells
Their jubilee are ringing;
O! happy, happy, Christmas time,
When day-light doth expire,
To list the carols and the chime,
Beside the flaming fire.

Then pile the logs, the old yule logs, Up higher, higher, higher; And cluster round, on merry ground, Beside the Christmas fire. What though the warring winds wage high,
And snow lies pale and deep,
What though the brooks are frozen o'er,
And birds are hushed in sleep;
What though the Ladye-moon shines chill,
We can, should we desire,
Or sing, or laugh, or talk at will,
Around the flashing fire.

Then pile the logs, the old yule logs, Still higher, higher, higher, And sit around on jovial ground, Beside the Christmas fire.

#### ON PENRITH BEACON.

BY FRANK MILLER.

When we should gain the bare hilltop at last,
And all the labour of ascending past,
Should sweetly rest and breathe the joyous air
And to the hills our eager eyes should cast;
But not a moment did our fancy dare
To picture aught like this. The airy vast
Fain would we pierce, and, o'er the uplands bare,
Fly to you mountain peaks, in glory dight,
Guarding Ullswater—first to greet our sight
Of the sweet English lakes.—Awhile we lie
On the hilltop, and drink in with delight
Beauty and grandeur; while the sun shines bright,
And winds, that bear the sound of chimes, go bye.



#### CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

By J. WALLACE BRETT.

LAD welcome thrills us in the morning chimes,
And wafting praises blend with prayer,
And mingled love, in every heart and home,
Awakens love and makes it Christmas there.

Some hearts beat merrily, and meeting love Enraptured sees its promised crown, And blushing lives to blossom in a life, 'Mid beauties now to call their own.

To some within a heart of ripened love,
By Memory kept, are living still
Bright visions of a season long ago,
When life with sweetness seemed to fill.

And some lone hearts are waiting, sighing still, Waiting the end, they know not why, Sighing that yet another year has flown, And wished for ending draws not nigh.

The happy faces with their greeting smiles

Make each remembrance seem more drear

Of happy days, which once sped lightly on

When all life's scenes were doubly dear.

These are of long ago, but nearer come
The memories of yesterday,
One short year's life of changes, and the hopes
Which buoyed life o'er the stormy way.

They lived awhile, and in their time gave help,
But left us when we loved them best,
And reading from Memory's burning page,
We learn how in our hearts they rest.

We turn from our musings awhile to hear

The welcome home in the Christmas chimes,
And think of the greetings we once exchanged

With loving hearts in dear old times.

We miss their places, we miss their welcome, In the pure joy the season brings, We fancy we hear their far off voices, Mingling with rush of angel wings.

'Tis thus that they welcome us as we now Wonder at days which buried lie, Memory aids, the wide past reviewing, Till all is present and lost ones nigh.

The chimes ring on, and a joyful greeting Recalls the soul from selfish dream, It speaks of union, and in comfort tells Joys are not distant as they seem.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY BENJAMIN G. AMBLER.

IRD, whose sweet voice is heard at night, sing on With heart that almost breaks in every note,

Thy song doth float
Up to the mystery of starlight wan.

Until a part of their pale glory seems

Mixed with thy singing, and they throb, and throb,

As with a sob

Thy strains ascend like to the Poet's dreams.

And while I listen, aspiration, woe,
Is poured from thy full throat in melody,
Harmoniously,
A tide of sateless longing forth doth flow.

Methinks, thou look'st unto those stars, as we
Who throw the head back from an aching breast,
Thy soft unrest
Arouseth melancholy like the sea.

Visions of innocence and early love,

The tearful thoughts of days that ne'er return,
O thou dost yearn,
That makes thy melody to soar above

All other songsters: heart of man or bird
Attains its noblest, when it doth aspire,
With no desire,
But to pour out its wealth of sound unheard.

It is the truth of poesy, thy song
Is sung not to the world. Oh! sweet to hear,
And drop a tear,
As it floats past me to the angel throng.

Sing, sing thy song of life, such words should be That seek to gather up the souls of men, Breathed o'er them, then, Drifting on spotless to eternity.



## SONG.

(To Duncan.)

## By A. JEAN HOPPER.

Darkness enshrouds me round, beneath, above.

O'er fields and garden plot,

And bending shadows tower

On tree and leaf and flower

O'er every spot,

And deeper darkness fills this heart of mine,

For love, I see thee not.

O my own, my own!

I waiting stand and muse and watch alone
The white and pearly moon,
From out you cloud of light,
And dream of future bright
That cometh soon,
When darksome night unto my soul shall be
As warm as bright as noon.

O, my dearest dear,

The brightest day on earth to me is drear,

The sun and flowers forgot,—

E'en heaven itself will be

Cold if I see not thee;

Where thou art not

The clouds will gather and the mist arise,

Tho' bright, tho' fair the spot.

# LOST.

# BY WILLIAM BURNSIDE.

Up the pathway to the hill;
Evening shades are falling round us,
And the world is growing still.
O how sweet to view the landscape
From you eminence above;
And to hear the murmuring streamlets
As they lowly whisper love!

O how sweet to see the meadow,
See the meadows clothed with hay!
And the fruitful fields and homesteads,
In the distance far away!"
Then she said, "My heart is heavy,
And I dread some coming ill,
But we'll wander up the pathway,
Up the pathway to the hill.

And we'll look upon the landscape,
Watch it fading from our view;
And we'll listen to the streamlets,
And we'll plight our vows anew.
O the happy happy moments!
O the golden hours gone bye!
In thy memory these thou'lt cherish
When I soar beyond the sky.

Oft there comes, they say, a warning
To the soul that soon must flee;
And I fear if Death has heralds,
Such a warning came to me.
Something seems to say within me,
Ere again the roses bloom
Thou wilt calmly be reposing,
Slumb'ring in the silent tomb.

"But I know when I am lying
With an aching heart and head,
Thou wilt come in death to soothe me—
Thou wilt watch beside my bed—
Thou will watch till faintly flickers
Out the last spark of my life;
And thou'lt weep when I'm departed
From the scenes of earthly strife."

"Wherefore have you such forebodings—
Such sad thoughts, my love," said I.
Still she said, "My heart is heavy,"
Still she said, "I soon must die."
"Is my love of life grown weary,
That she thus of death should dream?
What has made her heart so heavy?
And so strange why doth she seem?

Few are free from superstitions—
Can it be some spirit's breath,
From that far-off land of shadows,
In her ear has whispered—'Death?'
Death! when on her taper finger
Is the gold engagement ring,
And the happy hour of marriage
Every hour doth nearer bring?

Such my thoughts since we had parted,
Parted at her father's door;
Such my thoughts till broke the morning,
And the sun was up once more.
Time roll'd on and I remembered—
Oh! how sadly—what she said;
And ere autumn's leaves were falling
I was watching by her bed.

Time roll'd on, and pass'd the winter,

Pass'd away the frost and snow;

But she did not see the bud ope',

Or the gentle violets blow.

Sang the birds their sweetest carols,

Gladsome lays to welcome spring;

But their music was for others,

For she could not hear them sing.

Sweeter than all earthly music

Are the songs she sings and hears;

While my heart is sad with sighing,

And my eyes are dim with tears.

Dreary pass the hours each morning,

Dreary glides each day to eve;

Seem the moments tarrying longer

But to give me time to grieve.

Darksome night with gloomy shadows
Cannot bring me sleep it seems,
Save the fitful sleep of sorrow—
Sleep disturbed by starts and dreams.
Such repose as know the sailors
When the storm sweeps o'er the wave—
But not such as thine, my darling,
Slumb'ring in the cold deep grave.

Sometimes flits your form before me,
Robed in vestments pure and white;
Coming, like a guardian angel,
From that land of sunless light.
Changed into a glorious being:
Sometimes thus your form I see;
And my mind is carried forward
Through the ages yet to be,

And I live with thee, and linger
On that bright celestial shore,
Where the heart can know no sorrow,
And the eyes shall weep no more;
Where no separation shall be,
While eternal cycles roll;
But an everlasting union,
As immortal as the soul.

When the twilight shades are falling
On the mountains tinged with gold,
And the lowing herds wind homeward,
And the flocks are in the fold,
Sometimes as I wander lonely
To the place of thy repose,
Where at spring-time blooms the violet,
And in summer blooms the rose,

Fades away the living present,
All with dark clouds overcast;
In a waking dream I see you;
And we live again the Past.—
Spring, that calls to life dead nature,
Comes with all its flow'rets sweet;
And our souls are all enraptured,
And our hearts more lightly beat.

Summer comes, and all the seasons
Come and go, and come again;
Come and go, yet all unchanging
You and I, my love, remain.
Wherefore glide into the future
Through the darksome clouds that lower?
Wherefore live my past life over—
Live it over in an hour?

Dreams can only last a little;—
Better never dream at all
Than to wake and find the vision
But a vision after all.
Happy dreams, when they have vanished,
But increase one's heavy grief;
And in death, my angel darling,
Only can I find relief.

Death! thou cruel grim-faced monster!

Death! thou foe of all mankind!

Thou hast left me, but hath taken

One I would not stay behind.

### RIVER SPRAY.

BY ALFRED BRAUND.

EEP in the woodland I wander,
Straying beside a swift stream,
Oftentimes pausing to ponder,
Fashioning many a dream.

Fiercely the river is railing;
Angry its accents and hoarse
As with a vigour unfailing,
Speeds it on still in its course,

Threat'ning the rocks that endeavour
Vainly to bar its advance;
Stayed in its wild onset never:
Cheered by the sun's smiling glance,

And, as the clear waters shiver
When on the boulders they leap,
Oft will the spray from the river
Fall on the bushes that keep

Fondly their guardian watch, bending
O'er it in rapture of love—
Love that is firm and unending,
Far tho' the streamlet may rove.

Rest these fair drops on the branches,
Lit by the sun or in shade,
Just as the flashing beam chances
Either to kiss or evade.

Soon to return to the river,
When the cool zephyrs fleet by
And the thick verdure doth quiver,
Thrilled by their musical sigh.

So, from Eternity springing,
Short, very short, is man's life,
Sometimes all sunlight and singing,
Sometimes all sorrow and strife:

Back to its source is it wending,
Happy or sad, still the same,
Ever its fitful course ending
In the Unknown, whence it came.



# THE SOUTHERN NIGHT.

By H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

Author of "The Keeping of the Vow, and other Verses."

H! how unlike the Southern night
To that of Northern skies—
Where tedious twilight mocks its flight
And day but slowly dies:
For there pale Eve's star-studded veil
O'er all is swiftly cast,
Peace seemeth wafted on the gale,—
Care for a while is past.

Chorus.—Oh the mellow Southern summer's night!

How sweet it is to stray,

'Mid scenes which the moonbeams' fairy light

Makes lovier far than day!

How fair the widely-stretching woods
That clothe the spacious plain,
While Silence queen-like o'er them broods
In solitary reign:—
How fair the river's crystal thread
Seen faintly from afar,
And glimmering pure as on it shed
Are gleams from many a star.

Chorus.—Oh the mellow Southern summer's night. etc.

How fair perchance the mountains lie,
Though distant, wondrous clear,
Their snow-wrapt peaks against the sky
Viewed dimly tier on tier;—
How fair doth the whole landscape seem,
While here and there are heard
Sounds breathing music's softest dream,
Or laughter-laden word.

Chorus.—Oh the mellow Southern summer's night! etc.

## THE DESERTED NAIAD.

# By E. Anderson.

AIR were my dreams, and fair

My morning sky;

Wildly I now despair!

The evening nigh.

All grey the mists are lying,

Homeward the rooks are flying,

Soft air of evening sighing

In larches high.

One silver star has risen,

Climbing the pale blue heaven;

Peaceful all—to me is given

Anguish and dread.

False love,

False heart!

O why did I thus self-deceived love on, O cruel, cruel love, O cruel fate, Alone I die, alone.

All hope departed, fled, Life's roses blighted, dead, Thro' thy inconstancy.

And I must die, must die!

All bound my life unto thy faith,
Thy love is fled, swift follows death.
O Death, why tarriest thou?

Last only friend, wilt thou forsake me now?

Ah no, 'twill not be so;

Then dig my grave where none may see,
But where the ceaseless river's flow
May hush me to eternity
When I lie low.

False fickle heart!
But love thee still I must,
Nor cease to love thee, until death
Shall heal my wounded heart, and cease my breath,

And lay me in the dust.

'Tis better so.

A life all filled with cureless woe Would seem a tideless ocean's flow Of dull slow agony. But O for one fond word I pine so sore! A kiss—one kiss, but one, but one before-I die—I ask no more. O by the river let us meet When following th As once we met in happiness, With hearts full And by its crystal waters fleet Relieve me in my loneliness, That for a time I may forget The doom that is before me set. Fear not reproaches—parting breath Cannot but bless thee, love, once more; Fear not my anguish, coming death Hath eased me of the grief I bore; Let me but look upon thy face, Let me but feel thy last embrace.

# SNATCHES OF MELODY.

# BY CORNELIUS NEALE.

to poor from the head without more

A murmur of their music on the autumn breeze.

A chord of measure full, the countenance of one,
As when a minor strain will bear comparison:

And Schiller straining for a joy he cannot see,

"The last perfection of our faculties" maybe:
And Dante—from the grave will realm supernal win,
Too beautiful a world that one should wail therein:
The melancholy forms of many faces rise,
A ghostly firmament of weary weeping eyes.
But countenances happier are nearing now,
And buoyant bravery on many a noble brow:
Heros of glorious picture limned of mortal breath,
Framed of consummate silence, perfected in death.

### BELLS.

### By J. B. Bell.

EAUTIFUL bells! your melody tells

Of a glorious sight,

Which appeared to the shepherds that memorable night
When following the star that shone from afar—
With hearts full of love
They journeyed to Bethlehem inspired from above.

Say, Christmas bells! what in you foretells
By wondrous power
The beautiful offering of Heaven's rich dower?
For heard through your sound wind-wafted around
Is that heavenly strain—
"Glad tidings I bring to all nations again."

Say, marriage bells; what is it compels
That rapturous joy
To pour from the heart without marring alloy,
As your melody floats right onward to heaven,
When ye loud declare
The full consummation of Love's hope and prayer.

Marvellous bells! when your sonorous knells
And low solemn sound
Are heard with the deepest impressions around—
When ye call to the grave they who powerless to save
Give back to the earth
The body—alone—awaiting new birth.

Oh wonderful bells! what music there wells

From your harmony sweet,

As ye call to God's house there for worship to meet,

Contriving to raise by your exquisite lays

Man's heart to his God,

Contented to rest 'neath His smile or His rod.

Ring on merry bells! your theme far excels
Both in beauty and might,
All other sweet music by day or by night—
Now in soft tender sound then in louder rebound
Ye are heard far and near,
Beguiling the weary one on by your cheer.

Ring ever sweet bells! all nature revels
In your soul stirring strain—
Rejoicing to echo it thrice o'er again.
Ring on till the anthems of heaven are heard,
And your earthly refrain
Is mingled with heaven for aye to remain.

# MADRIGAL.

### By M. WHITESIDE.

EATHERED warblers, cease your song!

Listen! 'tis my lady's voice

That sings so sweet the woods among:

Sweeter far than Maves' note

Or whistle from the blackbird's throat.

Who will heed ye?

Who will need ye?

Whilst my lady singeth,

Not a bird that wingeth,

Carols blythe as she!

Flowerets, droop your blossoms fair,
For my lady cometh bye,
In beauty none with her compare.
Brighter than the rose is she,
Purer than the white lillie.

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For my lady cometh bye,
In beauty none with her compare.
Brighter than the rose is she,
Purer than the white lillie.

Who will heed ye?

Who will need ye?

See! my lady cometh,

Not a flower that bloometh

Is so fair as she!

Rustling barley, waving corn!
Stand ye still: she passeth,
And her grace puts yours to scorn.
More lithe is she than bowing wheat
Or training eglantine so sweet.
Who will heed ye?
Who will need ye?
Whilst my lady trippeth,
Not a bough that dippeth
Is so slim as she.

Trees and birds and flow'rets gay
Do my lady homage:

Fair as joyous month of May,
Brighter than rose or gillieflower
Or all the blossoms in her bower,
All must heed her,
All must need her,
Who my lady see;
But to this I swear her,
There's but one shall wear her,
And I am he!



### MUSIC.

# BY THE REV. J. D. HULL.

(Author of "Songs of a Pilgrim.")

HE chords how profound
Of those dulcet notes meeting!
The heart with their sound
Seems in unison beating.
Care slackens the chain
That his captive encumbers;
And, pleased with the strain,
Like a charm'd adder slumbers.

As fast as each tone
From the instrument breaketh,
An answering one
In the bosom awaketh;
As the key-board replies
To the hand o'er it straying,
Soul-harmonies rise,
A fine under-tune playing.

O! 'tis amid care
Music truly entrances;
As tropical air
The cool land-breeze enhances.
When life gaily glides,
And no solace is needed,
Like rain on the tides
Falls the best tune, unheeded.

But when sore is the breast

With some trouble that rends it,
A solace how blest
Soothing melody lends it,

Rapt aloft in delight,
As with angel wings gifted,
Of Earth we lose sight,
Into Paradise lifted.

That tune play again,

Full of pathos and feeling,

And not a loud strain,

Like a thunder storm pealing;

Till like drops in a well,

The sweet measure distilling,

The musical spell

The whole spirit be thrilling.

O! if music so cheer
In this region of sorrow;
If we may, even here,
Such relief from it borrow,
What rapture the soul
Of the saint must be given,
When o'er it first roll
The grand anthems of Heaven.

### THE HEART'S SONG.

By F. E. V. T.

LINNET sings on yonder spray,
And who shall guess his theme?
It may be of the cloudless day
That dawned with varied gleam.
Sing on sweet bird, I may not guess
To whom thy songs thou dost address;
Yet like to thee within my breast
I feel what bids thy strain,

To Nature's charms to Nature blessed They're strung nor strung in vain: She gives thee all thy merry nest, The glade in all its beauty dressed. Though wealth within her palace lays The treasures of the East, Though Fortune in a thousand ways Should bid me to her feast: Yet I would leave them all and more To share with thee thy scanty store. Sing on sweet bird!—it may not be The radiant sun descends Night conquered 'neath the leaden sea As light with darkness blends. Like him man's life 'neath summer sky To rise in beauty and to die. Yes, thou art happier far than I, For thine the careless day To sing beneath the cloudless sky And with the breezes play: But life is dark, and thy sweet strain Would jar with care and be but vain. Let not my envy stay thy song, Sing on, sweet bird, I hear Thy notes alone that bear along Old memories that are dear Upon their wings, and I would fain For ever listen to thy strain.



### WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

# BY MAUD M. WHITEHEAD.

HE heeded not the fierce rain falling On the rough dreary road ahead, She only knew that he was dying, She only thought, "Will he be dead?" Her weary feet moved swifter, swifter Her heart beat wildly with keen pain, Oh! had the letter reached her sooner, Will her best efforts be in vain? Heavier still the rain is falling, Loud mocking winds her path pursue-She keeps repeating "He is dying," Remembers not he was untrue. Thinks of the time when she first knew him With curly hair, eyes pure and blue, He loved me then in years long perished, He loved me then, and he was true. Feeble her steps, her breath comes quicker, One hand on her throbbing heart is pressed, Oh! but to see him and forgive him, Oh! for one kiss before he rests.

She gains his side, his pallid face she kisses, Forgives him, knows her earthly work is done, Then nestles close beside him Death-united, Two souls have entered heaven instead of one.



# THE OLD HOME.

BY EMILY G. IANSON.

Stood stately as of yore, Yet slowly I approached it Pausing before the door.

For to my heart a terror
Stole like a subtle spell,
What if the friends had left it?
The friends I loved so well.

The voices of the children

No longer echoed there—

Their peals of merry laughter

No more rang through the air,

Sad—solemn was the stillness Where all was once so gay, Could the old home to others For aye have passed away?

No joyous tones to greet me,

No hands to clasp mine own

From those who in the absent years

Dearer to me had grown—

Not one to give me welcome
Back from a foreign land—
A pilgrim and a stranger,
In the old home I stand!

# A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

By H. KNIGHT.

HEN upon the frost-bound casement, Shone the yule-log's ruddy glow, Sister, did you see that face bent O'er the shadow in the snow?

While the Christmas bells were ringing, Heralding the holy morn, When the Christ salvation bringing, For our sakes was Virgin-born.

Run and take them in, poor creatures, Babe and Mother! who can tell Likeness in those pallid features? Yes.—Now listen to the bell.

#### THE BELLS.

Blessed are the gentle,—lowly, Giving freely to the poor, Though unknown, yet beings holy, Find they halting at their door.

Angels Sister! See their glory
As they vanish, laved in light,
Hark! the Bells triumphant story,
Tell what guests sought aid to-night.

### THE BELLS.

Ye who succoured Babe and Mother,
Doubly-blessed ever be,
Know that child was Christ,—none other,—
Clothed in his humility!

### WATCHING AND WAITING.

### By E. P. PRENTICE.

UST I sit here, and watch and wait and listen
For a dear form they say will come no more?
Must I sit here with tired heart wildly beating
For footsteps ne'er to cross the threshold o'er.

Must I sit here? The stars are brightly gleaming,
But on their beauty I must gaze alone,
I hear the distant murmur of the brooklet,
And my heart answers with a stifled moan.

Friends come and point me to the lonely grave-yard,
And say he sweetly sleeps beneath the sod,
But I am looking through the glimmering star-light
And feeling that he rests for aye with God.

Why did he leave me? did he know my yearning
To pace with him the shining courts above?
To feel his warm hand clasp my own in rapture
As we renewed our oft-breathed vows of love?

E'en now our spirits blend in sweet communion, The bliss that wraps his soul-thrills in my own, How sweet will be our first fond happy meeting For he will be the same though fairer grown.

And I can watch and wait in patient sorrow
Until the pearly gates shall open wide,
Then I shall rest for ever in his presence
And through Eternity be satisfied.

# A MIDMOST AGE.

# BY CHARLES EMMOTT.

DUT yesternight, those words, yet how they throb Within me! While dim shadows passed to eve O'er alabaster snowdrops hid in snow, And dying flames played round the oaken shelves, O'er-teemed with volumes, concentrated power, We, wrapt in silence, by the homely hearth Sat in thought-solitude. We have for years Been wont to hold the purple twilight hour More sacred than the rest, and some high theme Alone to move our lips. And I meanwhile Traversed in sweet, half-conscious reverie The past, living my young life o'er again; How dear to feel the fervid blood speed through The swelling veins, motive to mighty deed! How sweet to wrestle with wild winds which flush The smooth round cheek and hot young brow, and know Increasing strength in life's glad Spring! Even then Together we had roamed the scented heath, And plucked the first pale violet from the bank, And the fair lake rippled a foamy path Round our frail bark. Yet had he than I Set greater store upon the ancient mind, And valued theories that meant naught to me; But if some doubt disquieted or light From clouded infinite, long sought, beamed forth And raptured him—the gazer, from his lips Would fall impassioned utterance, he would make Me sharer of his inmost thought. Thus were We silent, he unmoved treading high paths, And I 'mid boyhood's scenes.

The ruddy blaze
Was flickering 'mong the embers, and dark night
Had spread her curtain on the frost-bound lawns,
When shaking off his dream,—as one who wakes,
And pregnant with his vision, would impart

The form, but fears to meet credulity,— He slowly spake:—

"There is an end to all,
To Life and Death, and Toil and Time; and though
Lapt in the misty future, surely comes,
Since all high purpose hath accomplishment.
There is an end to Earth, and at that hour
Which knoweth He alone, this sphere shall burn
With heaven-sent fire, and myriad sparks return
To nothingness; but should I deem that were
Not yet; in much the spacious world is still
In infancy. Yet sometimes a new thought
Enwraps me,—silence breedeth wondrous thoughts;—
That in our ways and aims and groping faith,
There is an end to all hath been, and that
Which still shall be, hath not begun."

He ceased,
And soon we parted, but his words had sunk
Deep in my heart, finding responsive chords
Within, which tell how true a note he struck.

# HOW OFT HAVE I IN BEAUTY'S BOWERS!

By THOMAS J. WISE.

OW oft have I in Beauty's bowers
Awhile enchanted lain!
Nor thought, while flew the rapid hours,
Of Sorrow or of Pain!

Thus do we all whilst Pleasure gleams
Forget dull Sorrow's gloom;
Nor lend one thought 'mid Fancy's dreams,
To Danger or the Tomb.

### THE MIRACLE OF ROSES.

### By C. LORINDA.

WAS winter; Clovis held his court at Soissons on the Aisne, And feasts that lasted morn and eve awoke the dawn again; Beneath, in dungeon vaults most drear, imprisoned Christians lay, Starving and cold, throughout the night, which brought to them no day.

But Faith and Love live on entombed, tho' clouded is Hope's star, And prayer and praise can rise to Heaven despite of bolt and bar.

The Queen Clotilda lonely wept, in vain she'd sought to save Her fellow Christians from their doom, slow death, and living grave,

The storm, which fiercely raged without, the piercing bitter wind, Were nought to monarch's wrath, 'gainst those his pagan zeal confined,

"One effort more, they shall not starve, haste maidens and away, Bring bread and wine, a mantle too, in silence strict obey."

Alone, with eager hurried step, down by the turret stair,
The Queen passed on, in fear and dread, her dole of food to bear;
Fast, 'neath the pine torch flaring bright from socket on the wall,
Fast, by the portals, opened wide, of crowded festal hall;
Yon the descent to oubliette—when hark! the rafters ring!
"Who passes there? Stand, I command! To Clovis! To the King!,

Into the Presence Chamber dragged, as yet her face concealed, Her falling hood to King and Court, Clotilda stood revealed. Then spake the King, "And where away, and whither Dame, wend ye?"

(No answer gave the gentle Queen, so sorely trembled she;)
"If food ye bear to Christian slaves, I swear this night they die,
Serve ye the Cross! My subjects all, shall hold same creed as I."

Calmy she waited, calmly gazed, unmoved upon the scene,
Her golden hair like halo shone, fit crown for saintly Queen.
Bewildered all the courtier throng, the King with sullen brow,
Angry reiterated threats, and vowed again his vow.
Then with rude grasp her mantle tore, and dashed it to the ground,
Not bread and wine—but Roses fair lay scattered all around.

"Oh wondrous marvel!" Clovis cried, "Forgive me, noble Queen, Far heartier fare than these bright flowers, thy cloak contained I ween;

And honoured be thy God who works such miracles to save His faithful; they who trust in Him need fear nor death nor grave;

Yet take their pardon, set them free, and be it known this night, King Clovis worships and adores the God of right and might."

A Legend! True, and yet, oh friend, its moral all may heed:
Unknown, the rarest virtues lurk in many a roadside weed.
When Death, with sudden grasp perchance, Life's curtains rend away,

And earth's pale glories fade, as quenched in blaze of "perfect day;" How happy they, of whom the past, pure works of love discloses, Whose holy deeds of charity shall bloom immortal roses!!

# AN EVENING WALK.

BY JOHN STEWART.

HEN flowery May with fragrance sweet,
Rejoices Nature's wintry bowers;
And woodland songsters' merry lays
Beguile too fast the passing hours,

I wandered forth to view the fields,
Bathed in the Sunset's golden beam;
The river gently rippled past,
As if afraid to quel! my dream.

As carelessly I took my way,
'Mid hawthorn bush and scented brier,
I met the fairest sweetest maid
That ever set a soul on fire.

Large wistful eyes, and gentle mien, With modest grace unknown to art; Glancing darts by Cupid scattered, Pierced me unwitting to the heart.

May all that's good attend the maid,
May all that's ill for ever miss her,
May love's sun light her young life's way,
And balmy winds of heaven kiss her.

#### THE PRAYER OF LOVE.

HE nightingale must die—and thou my love
Art sweeter than the nightingale—may I
And thee, together, weary of these times,
(With far below us voices of the chimes
From the lost world) upward through earthly things,
Be swiftly carried on Love's golden wings,
In the still moonlight, onward through all space;—
Two lives enfolded in one last embrace,
Two souls upborne in ecstacy unpriced,
Two hearts in one before the feet of Christ.

ZETA.



### THE DEATH OF SAUL.

### By Frank Emson.

N pomp and pride of war Philistia's hosts Advanced across the plain—for nigh the place Where Gilboa's mount raises its rocky crest Appear the armies of great Israel. Gaily the banners of the coming foe Float in the breeze, which bears upon its breath The note of the soul-stirring clarion. Lightly the sunbeams glance on helm and shield, While o'er the ranks of steel, vultures keen-eyed With outspread pinnions, hover in the sky. The peaceful earth trembles 'neath chariot wheels And martial tramp of many men. And now, Like angry mountain torrents that have leaped The bounds of Nature, the two armies close; Steel wars with steel, and 'midst the clash of arms The victors' shout and piercing cry of death Mingling ascend to heaven. Where foemans' darts Fly fastest, in the thickest of the strife The stately form of Israel's king is seen.— Inured to war from youth erect he stands. His thin lips curl with proud disdain, and Death Gathers a harvest as he follows him. But fickle Fortune frowns where once she smiled, For Jonathan hath fallen.—Still more fierce Becomes the contest until Panic spreads Among the ranks of Israel.—They fly! The day is lost; and trampled in the dust The proud-borne banners that have braved all blasts.

Weary and bleeding, smitten by a shaft
Shot at a venture, Saul of Tarshish climbs
The rugged mountain side, hoping to find
Some welcome cleft for haven,—But in vain—
For hard upon his steps the victor-band
Pursue him unrelenting. Like a lion
Brought desperate to bay, the fugitive
Turns on his foes; and ere the sun hath set

The king is numbered with the thousands slain.

Day dawned.—A shadowy haze shrouds the fair face Of beauty-breathing Nature, who hath shed Upon the sward her tears of woe for those Claimed by the monarch of mortality. King David's heart was sad, a secret fear Of coming evil stole his wonted peace: When lo! they brought a man from out the camp Of Saul before him—dust upon his head When David heard the tidings of the fall Of the crowned head of Israel, his grief Broke forth in lamentations long and loud. "Proclaim it not in Askelon, nor tell The tidings unto Gath, lest Philistia's Song-loving daughters should rejoice! Ye mounts Of Gibeon, drink neither due nor rain, For there have fall'n the mighty. In their lives How lovely and how pleasant were the king And Jonathan his son—their strength excelled The untamed lion, their speed of foot outsped The eagle in his flight—nor in their death Were these twin-souls divided.

But for thee,
My brother Jonathan I am distrest!
Thy love for me was wonderful, and passed
The clinging love of woman. How have fall'n
The mighty, and the trusted weapons failed!"



# MARIANNE.

Oh God: we rejoice.

Plucked by Thy loving hand,

Flower of Thy choice!

Not for her early death

Should we make moan—

She hath entered a land

Where grief is unknown.

Two paths were before her—
But ever she trod,
The highway of sorrow,
That leadeth to God.
And all to His service
Her young life was giv'n,—
Death cannot have held her,
She liveth in heav'n!

That rough path of sorrow,
Was weary and lone,—
Now dawns a glad morrow
For all to atone.
Who soweth in tears,
In harvest shall reap,
Of joy a full measure—
Joy waits those who weep.

Steadfast! Enduring—
Life's storm cannot harm—
Now to life's anguish,
Succeedeth a calm!
Never shall weariness
Compass her feet,
For ever and ever,
Her rest is complete!

" MERCEDES."

### ISANDULA.

### By CHARLES A. SIMPSON.

HEY stood alone "Four hundred men," but Britons to the core,

And saw the foe in myriads come, and close round flank and fore: They heard the fearful war-whoops yelled by twenty thousand men,

Yet there they stood undaunted, firm within that sacred pen:

Shut up within that dusky ring, no hope of succour near;
They bore the mighty charge in front, on right, on left, in rear;
Four hundred rifles spake reply, four hundred bullets sped,
Four hundred yelling throats were stopp'd, four hundred foes lay dead.

But fiercer charge that savage host, again with spear and shot That small devoted square of red, which now alas not, not Four hundred,—thinned at every clash it closed its serried lines: And not on History's brightest page such glorious action shines.

They fought, bold Britons, for their lives and dearly sold them too, Yet grimly earnest held their own to England's honour true, Till rose a murmur, fiercely sad "No ammunition's left!" And each saw other clinch his arms of all but Death bereft.

Not long it raged, the unequal fight, from now, the square was broke,

The savage horde swept on and thro'--and plied its battle-stroke; Out-number'd far, by scores to one, they stemmed awhile war's flood,

And slew; and knelt, and fought, and then in honour died and blood.

### TO THE YEAR MDCCCLXXIX.

ASS, fade, die speedily, O false and pitiless year! Let us apostrophize thee in wrath and just indignation, thou basely ungrateful year, who wast so warmly welcomed, when in thy extreme youth we greeted thee as "Happy!" Did we not with joy relinquish thy predecessor, saying "Surely this 1878 has been so miserably unfortunate and treacherous, that 1879 cannot easily be worse, yea, must surely be far better?" how hast thou fulfilled the fond hopes which were reposed on thee? Thou art not loved of the Gods for Jupiter Pluvius has cursed and blighted thee; thou art not loved of men, for thou hast ruined many tillers of the soil, thou hast impoverished many owners of the soil, and thou hast showered on the soil the lifeblood of many noble hearts,—hearts of our kindred, and hearts of gallant foes; whereby thou hast gotten to thyself an enduring but sorrowful fame. Thy name, O Eighteen hundred and Seventy-Nine, will for ever and ever mean Rorke's Drift and Ulundi to our glory, Isandula and Cabool to our shame. Truly thy history is a "lesson and a warning;" but go to, thou hast time to repent, even in thy eleventh hour, which is thy eleventh month, thou canst make some amends. Thou hast taken peace from us, restore it; thou hast tarnished our honor,—teach statesmen, in thy yet remaining space, how to preserve it pure and unblemished; thou hast sadly ill-treated thy own harvests, prepare well the soil for the next; thou hast brought rumours and hopes to merchants and traders, amplify and fulfil those hopes; thou hast yet time, it may be, to search out wrong and establish right, so that when thou passest away, some falsehood, some sin, some misery, some oppression, may be also swept away, like thee to be seen no more for ever.

CERCATORE.



- Informer Staff summalow can with

# RECREATION.

# By OWEN MAC.

OFT whispering word to weary hearts addrest, How sweet thy music can those hearts attest! How blest the prospect, how endeared the hour, Which welcomes thee, of toil the brightest flower. When the worn heart and weary mind once more, Seek in flowing stream, a bounteous store Of the bright thought they cherish, hopes they feel, And which thy presence can alone reveal, Can startle from the daily toil and strife, The hearts that beat, the soul that gilds the life; Which in the weary breast would drooping lie, By the stern will of labour doomed to die, But, thy bright cheering presence once again Renews the drooping spirit, soothes the pain, Wafts us fresh life, sustains the wearied soul, And of the remnants recreates a whole.

### SNOWFLAKES.

By M. LOVIN.

NOW, snow, beautiful snow!
Dazzling in your purity;
Softly falling, softly resting
On each hedgerow, plant, and tree.

Clothing them with bridal garments,
Waiting for the frosty bride,
As she greets her bridegroom hoary,
"Winter" ever at her side.

Emblems of the pure and lovely,
Wafted from the clouds on high,
Ye are welcome, little snowflakes,
Softly, gently floating by.

### THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

By W. J. NICHOLES.

WANDER'D lonely in a dream by night
Thro' the resounding vast cathedral nave,
Past lofty tombs where tatter'd banners wave
Spectral and dim within the gloomy light.
I heard no sound save from my fearful tread,
And the wind moaning ghostly thro' the tower:
Alone with angels, waiting the last hour
Of the Old Year, I stood among the dead.

An awful hush hung o'er the holy pile,

A hush of doubt, a silence as of death,

Save where at times there came a subtle breath,

Clammy and cold up the cathedral aisle.

And lo! I saw, as I stood wond'ring there,

In a wierd light the doors swing open wide,

Noiseless the bolts by unseen fingers plied,

Silent fall back into the outer air.

And the fair light shone far across the snow,
Tinting its beauty with a coloured hue,
Turning its pallor to a filmy blue
Dim as the moonbeam's pale reflected glow,
And tott'ring o'er the interspace, behold
An aged man with feebly gasping breath,
Worn, haggard face as weary unto death,
And features whiten'd by the bitter cold.

O it was piteous! In his hands he bore
Fragments of flow'rets dead, and drooping down,
With wreaths of laurels fashioned as a crown
Crushed to his breast as tho' of priceless store;
Over his shoulders floated in a wave
Thin snow-white tresses bound with berries bright;
His garments trailing, thro' the bitter night
Toiling he came into the silent nave.

Beside the door he stood one moment still,
And leaned himself as the to rest awhile,
And to look back upon the world and smile
As lovingly as one in dying will.
His eyes were sad, too sad, indeed, to weep;
Haggard his face as the the bitter care
Of the whole world was laid on him to bear
Unto its grave ere he could hope to sleep.

O, fond Old Year, how many a thoughtless heart
With aching sorrow shade dthy short life,
Drew to thine eyes sad tears thro' some rude strife,
And longed to rend thy loving arms apart;
And yet thou ling'rest with us, loth to fly
Unto thy rest so dear and hardly earned:
When thou art lost, Old Year, we shall have learn'd
What worth we scorned, what love we let pass by.

He faltered onward slowly and more slow,
While the fair light mellow'd with subtle sheen
Pillar, and tomb, torn flag, and carved screen,
Altar, and pulpit in one fairy glow:
Yea, it was weird and ghost like, that form bow'd,
Tott'ring along with his last feeble breath
To kiss the cup before the hand of Death
Should wind him softly in his silent shroud.

He reached the organ standing still and lone,
And leaned thereon to rest but well-nigh spent;
When lo! a subtle music strangely blent
Well'd from its sounding pipes a heav'nly tone.
It thrilled his heart and he was strong again,
As a bright angel in that holy psalm
Over his spirit pour'd refreshing balm,
And swept the storm-cloud from his failing brain.

Onward he pass'd up the resounding choir,
Grand music pealing to the lofty roof:
Pain is no more: O world, stand far aloof!
Angels envelope him with holy fire.—
Now doth he kneel and clasp the chalice blest;
Now doth he drink to save his soul from doom:
Now doth he die, for Time with solemn boom
Pealed o'er the world the Old Year's hour of rest.

But see, a group of angels in the air,

Bearing within their arms a little child,

With rippling ringlets floating free and wild

Over his shoulders and his features fair:

And sinking down beside the whiten'd head,

The sweet young babe shower'd kisses o'er his cheek:

The wan face lifted slowly as to speak,

Smiled sadly, trembled, and sank backward—dead.

Gently the angels that true corse upbore:

Tripping the Young Year hasten'd down the nave:
Pealed from the organ fun'ral notes and grave,
That sank to wailing and were heard no more:
Over the snew went forth the little one:
Noiseless the doors behind him backward slide.
Slowly the fair light drooping fail'd and died:
Dim darkness fell and I was left alone.

Ring on, ye bells! clash forth your brazen joy!

Must ye rejoice that a New Year is born?

Were it not better to toll forth and mourn

The old friend gone than welcome this fair boy?

But it is ever thus, the past is past;

The vanished in their graves may lie and rot;

Friendship fails soon and swiftly is forgot;

Love lingers only and can never last.

#### OLD SADNESS-NEW GLADNESS.

By LIZETTTE PERROTT.

USH! tread softly, whisper low!
The old year is dying,
Silent as the flakes of snow,
Falling everywhere you go,
Helter, skelter, to and fro,
Fickle fancies plying:
As the shimmering mountains glow,
Listlessly upon the snow.

Why must all things change or die,
Everything we love?
Great joys turn to misery,
Pleasures vanish like a sigh,
Changing as a cloudy sky:
Forward ever move,
First the black clouds dark and drear,
Then the blue ones bright and clear.

Ah! what will the New Year bring,
Can any wisdom tell?
Merrily the bells will ring,
Joyously the children sing,
Sorrows, cares, away they fling,
Bidding them farewell—
The world around seems fairie bright,
Illumined by love's trusty light.

As the old year dies away,
So may tumults cease,
Hail the New Year blythe and gay,
Ring, ye bells, your sweetest lay,
Let each echo speak and say,
All is joy and peace.
And Memory makes to-day more dear,
While Hope still whispers "glad New Year."

#### AN AUTUMN WHISPER.

#### By J. BLATHWAYT.

WAS sad to see the summer slowly fade away,

To know the time had come for Nature's great decay,

To see the trees and hedges, once so full of life

Laid bare to Winter's blast by Autumn's cruel knife.

In countless numbers strewn, their leaves lay dead and seared,

And stirred by passing breeze gave forth a sound most weird.

While the wind's loud whistle pierced sharply thro' the air,
Struck me with sudden fear and brought me wealth of care—
For from above methought I heard a voice which said
"Your life too may have gone, ere next year's leaves are dead."
I paused and stood aghast—my lips gave no reply,
While as if to mock me an icy blast swept by,

Tossed wildly up the leaves, and conscious of its might,
Bore them on before it, and snatched them from my sight.
Once more the dreary rustling on my heart smote chill,
Making me fearing shrink as from some hidden ill:
The air still echoed back the voice's solemn cry,
And brook and breeze seemed sighing, "Man as well must die."

Long wrapped in meditation deep, I sought to find
An answer framed to soothe my awe-filled troubled mind—
'Twas vain, that moaning wind cut to my very heart,
And whispered that the day must dawn when I and life should part.

So Autumn waits for all, life's summer ends its reign,
And never can light-hearted youth return to us again—
But like the leaves shall perish, like them die away,
Fulfilling God's decree that all life shall decay,
Yet who would linger here, when peace awaits the blest
In that far happier land where wearied souls find rest.

#### REPINING.

#### By M. S. B.

OW often we are tempted to repine At things against our will, although we know If they were for another cause than good, That Father, who sends all our joys and woes, Would pity and avert that which we shun. If we could only grasp His faithful Word In all its fulness, and believe that He Would in His love, bring all our troubles out As clouds with silver linings, then we should (As children made to know a Sovereign will) Bow meekly, and desire that not our own Poor narrow and subverted wills should choose, But His; and to obey with cheerfulness Be our delight, not once, but every day; And so our lives instead of being sad With the thought that we are too illused Would please, and stir us up to noble deeds, And we should smile, while thus employed, and say Aye, 'tis a noble thing to live, and do What good we can for others and ourselves, To live high, holy, and unspotted lives, And thus be meet to face Death's darksome hour, And enter through its portal, lasting Life.

#### LOVELORN.

#### By C. W. SCARR.

FONDLY loved one in the days of old,
Whose happy features Memory painteth well—
Love bonds are severed now; my heart is cold;
The tale in one pathetic word I tell,
Lovelorn.

For two full years my love was warm and true,
And then began to droop love's full-blown flower—
Distrust had come, I know not how it grew;
But this I know, it brought me for a dower
Despair.

Searching ambitiously for worldly fame,
I sought her sympathy, but found her cold;
She would not bear for love a toiler's name—
Nay, she would rather far be bought and sold
For gold.

#### DESTINY.

NGLISHMEN must ever onward Let their bold motto be "Advance;" On the breeze of every Nation, See the Union Jack free floating-On th' unequal power of nations Let now our heel of iron be set, And hurl back the savage forces Until they supplicating kneel. Englishmen must ever onward, Forming in the ranks of warfare, When the trumpet's deep voiced clarion, Shall thrill thro' every Briton's breast. Wellingtons shall rise from out them, Out the ranks of England's brave troops And the thin red line of Bayonets, Shall before them sweep relentless All the nations that confront them. When the flag of Royal England, Unfurled be in every country, Put the sword into the scabbard, Reeking with the blood of victims Then and not till then shall England,

"DOGE OF VENICE."

#### AMONG THE MARBLES.

BY THOMAS WILLIAMS,

In harmony with the Creator's plan.

That heaven should hide the whole of deity;

There was a god-like cast on early man,

Of which but few may vainly hope to dream,

In this our dark degenerated day,

Like broken lilies floating down the stream.

We but reveal the glories far away,

Visions of majesty still haunt the mind;
Divine and human blended forms appear,
They talk to us as children smitten blind
Will talk of flowers in a later year:
The heart seems sinking while we hear them tell,
Of blighted memories their earlier woes,
How darkness stole away the sweet blue bell
And wrapt in night the half-remembered rose.

Yes! there was once divinity in man,
The curse did not obliterate:—we trace
Design and the Designer in the plan,
Still there is something holy in the face,
Where shame has never stained the virgin cheek,
Which purity can to our gaze reveal,
And oh! what language those mild eyes will speak.
We love, we listen, worship, and we feel.

Heaven hath its luminaries, hung on high—
How humbling are the sermons they do teach,
But all these orbs are in the distant sky
And earth has pinnacles within our reach,
The flowers are lovely and the streams are fair,
The flowers will fade, the streams we may not trace,
The beautiful is round us everywhere,
Man, more than all, hath dignity and grace.

And who shall say that man hath overdone

The marvels of his maker to portray,

These god-like forms from the white marble stone,

When man himself was moulded from the clay?

Genius at best, is but a loan, a dower,

And things we glory in and call high art,

Are mere reflections of creative power;

Man plays a poor and secondary part.

And all this god-like beauty lay asleep,
As we behold them now, in the cold rock.

Deep in the mine, fathoms and fathoms deep,
Each as we see them slumbered in the block.

Each limb, each feature, that rich flowing hair,
Those stony bosoms, whiter than the snow,
The frown, the smile, the look of love were there,
Thousands, and tens of thousands, years ago!

We break the shell to find the pearl we seek,

The worthiest gems are polished, carved, and set,
And these fair forms that almost seem to speak,

Had in the lifeless marble slumbered yet,

Till man had chased away the stony crust,

Fractured the marble fetters, and set free,
And made a man from the creative dust,

And set each stony limb at liberty.

Men may add stone to stone till high in air,
The temple or the pyramid may rise,
And domes, and minarets, and pillars fair,
May lift their dizzy summits to the skies,
Slill adding, does not always beautify,
Men may build mountains, and arrange the clay,
But loveliness will often meet the eye
Not when we add, but when we take away.

O could we but be taught when we do pray
To Him who did for all the world atone,
Not only for the grace we need each day,
But to remove and take away the stone,
That centres in our cold and marble hearts
Preventing love from ever dwelling there,
Blunting the spirit's sword, and chastening darts
This were a powerful and godly prayer!

Thus should we all through love's transforming power
Like polished corners of the temple shine:
Fair cedar pillars carved with knop and flower,
Where lily-work I ween would intertwine;
All overlaid with the pure gold of grace
Thrice purified from the great dross of sin,
Then would the heart become the holy place
Where the high priest of love may enter in.

#### A FRAGMENT.

By MARY BULL.

E comes our Saviour and our King, And leaves his father's throne above, Let us our grateful tribute bring And sing of His redeeming love.

A glorious light shines through the land,
The gospel spreads his peaceful reign,
His people are a happy band,
They never seek his face in vain.

The trees are bare, the earth's face sad
As if it mourns for Adam's fall,
But Christ can make the weary glad—
His death hath bought the life of all.

#### THE SHIPWRECKED LOVER.

(An Allegory.)

NHAPPY sailor, wreck'd in a social blast,

I wander'd o'er the ocean of the world,

When leeward, swiftly, softly gliding past,

Appeared a gentle bark with sails unfurl'd.

Upon its noble mizzen, hoisted high

There hangs a flag . . O joy! O hopeful chance!

When in the undulations I did spy

The colours of that dearest country—France!

I hail her now; I lift from out the deep,
An arm exhausted, struggling in despair
Against the cold devouring waves that sweep
Across my shrivell'd face and dripping hair.
I watch for signals of alarmed love,
But heedless of my agonising fate,
The ship, fear-freighted, like a frightened dove
Hies silently away, and will not wait.

O cruel bark! why on thy shelter'd board
Refusest thou so proudly bid me come?
Sail on! Sail on! Thou soon in safety moor'd
Wilt rest,—and I, the while despairing, dumb,
Shall rove about—a toy for wind and wave,
Or else perchance shall too partake of rest
Upon the naked shore,—without a grave—
But dreaming still of thee, far in the west.

"A Young Normand."



#### JOY-TIME.

#### By A. M. McMickan.

HE Christmas bells clear-toned and loud,
Ring out above the listening crowd;
Their voices sweet,
We gladly greet,
The Christian's joy-time of the year.

With purest love, both young and old,
Receive the tale so often told,
The tidings dear
To every ear,
The Christian's joy-time of the year.

All hail! the great transcendent power,
Like birds' song in the summer hour,
Ascending high,
E'en to the sky,
The Christian's joy-time of the year.

The carol sweet, the hymn of praise,
The comforter of pilgrim days,
The tale oft told,
The truth we hold,
The Christian's joy-time of the year.

The Saviour while on sinning earth,
Won for His people the new birth—
Salvation's dawn,
The Christmas morn,
The hallowed joy of all the year.

#### CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

By J. S. CROUCH.

REAM on thy childish dreams;
Whilst basking in the rays
Of Fancy's fairy land
These are thy happy days.

Dream on thy childish dreams, Enjoy these days of mirth; The happiest days of life, The merriest on earth.

For soon the scene will change For conflict and for strife, Soon you will join the ranks, In the battle field of life,

Dream on thy childish dreams,
While youth and health are thine;
A few more summers sped,
And life is in decline.

Long not to try the pass;
For storms are hovering nigh,
The track a chequer'd way
Where many dangers lie.



#### OUR PRIZE.

The prize of Two guineas which we offered for the best original poem not exceeding in length one page of print has been awarded to Mrs. Jackson, Rischow Bank House, Maryport, Cumberland. The prize poem will be published in our next number.

The second best poem is from the pen of William Hale Saville, Esq., Keble College, Oxford. This poem will also be published in our next.

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